

A Tea Vendor

Hush! Are you yearning for an adventure or a change of pace?

During halftime of our thrilling football game, my classmates and I found ourselves engrossed in animated talks. It was the height of summer break, a magnificent two-week period. this subject at hand? How to maximize our limited free time by taking on important activities as we discussed launching small enterprises and shared enticing entrepreneurial notions that captivated our imaginations, ideas were buzzing, vivid, and alive.

In the midst of the exciting conversation, one of my friends suddenly cried out, "What if we started a tea stall?" The room was full of smiles and laughter, but I couldn't help but feel a tinge of anger. I told them at that time that no job was too minor to seek, but their response was received with jeers. "If you're up for it, go ahead!" they mocked. Even confident boasting is beyond you. Hahaha!" I was lost in contemplation as I made my way home and wondered what direction I should take.

A lot of my friends had already started online projects and invited me to join them. Though it would be profitable, I understood that developing business skills wouldn't be simple or quick. I made the decision to start my own special path because I was driven by a need to prove myself and reject their taunts. I chose to start as a tea vendor because opening a tea stand required more money than I had. "One becomes what they wish to be," as the saying goes. I bought a tea flask, got the tools I needed, and set up camp ten kilometers from my modest home on a busy road using part of my savings and my father's kind financial help. I made the most of the little supplies I had, which included milk tea, green tea, raw tea, and a selection of cookies.

However, despite my efforts, attracting a large customer base proved challenging due to my ineffective communication and presentation skills. Moreover, the bustling location led many passersby to mistakenly assume I also sold cigarettes, which was far from the truth. I encountered unpleasant comments from a few addicts, yet my timid nature prevented me from standing up for myself. Thus, the first day came to a close, enveloped in disappointment. I questioned the value of continuing as I made my way home and debated whether to go on with my plan the next day. Why did it matter? But the mocking looks on my classmates' faces stayed with me, motivating me to keep going. I made the firm decision that I would contact people personally and fervently promote my tea since I was no longer willing to stand still.

The next day came about a huge turn of events, much to my great astonishment. Selling tea became into a stepping stone to significant revenues as I interacted with individuals individually. With each passing day, I shed my stiffness, blossoming into a more sociable individual. Even my modestly prepared tea garnered praise from discerning customers. I eventually thought back on the earnings I had made over the course of ten days as my summer vacation came to an end. With those earnings, I joyfully relieved my parents of a huge financial load by paying my school fees for the remaining months of the academic year.

However, this event has had an influence that goes well beyond just providing financial assistance. It gave me a fresh feeling of self-assurance and self-discovery that would have an inconceivable impact on my future undertakings. Years later, I found myself confidently presiding over significant meetings and delivering speeches to captivated audiences—a stark departure from the shy and hesitant person I had once been.

Even now, every time I come across a tea vendor, images of my own transformational trip rush my mind, and I get a tinge of nostalgia in my eyes. I now revel in a profound sense of calm and joy that I had never felt before after proving myself, realizing my potential, and supporting my devoted parents.